Screaming Through December

Hall & Oates

What a crew we made up there was faustus Burnt out from playing too many bars, on a jersey shore And sammy, almost bald from ironing her hair too much Back in '64 And me and phazon out of phase, of least my temporary Name for the day Oh, blown away and screaming All blown away and screaming All blown away and screaming thru' december We crossed state lines we were burning Although the cold could freeze your hand, to the steel Of the wheel Miami, just a cold hearted word From a warm smiling man on a sign in a field We laughed just o take up some time my (hmmm) job Was staring to dry, and we went screaming thru' december